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N.S. WOODWARD TALKS OF PAST ON BIRTHDAY

WAS EIGHTY-THREE YEARS
OLD MONDAY, DEC. 11, AND
HAS CLEAREST
MEMORY.

EARLY DAY STORIES

Hardships of Marshall County Pioneers and Thrilling Experiences
In Life of Our Oldest
Resident.

Monday, Dec. 11, was the 83rd birthday of Norman S. Woodward—the man who has been a resident of Marshall county longer than anyone else on earth.

"How does it feel to be eighty-three?" was asked by a reporter of the Republican of Mr. Woodward at his home on Center street, in Plymouth.

"Oh, I have no reason to complain," said Mr. Woodward, referring rather to all his past life than to his present physical condition.

The question was asked to get the venerable gentleman to tell some of the exciting experiences of his life in the early days of the county, and of conditions then under which the pioneers struggled and fought—and won.

It is well known that Mr. Woodward's mind is as bright as a new silver dollar, notwithstanding his advanced age. His memory as to persons, dates, conditions, and facts of all kinds is one of the most remarkable to be met with.

Those desiring data as to the early history of the county seek Mr. Woodward for the facts to be relied on; attorneys frequently call upon him to get definite information on which to base a lawsuit or decide an important matter based on some facts not of record and in the long ago.

Mr. Woodward will tell the given names and initials of men who lived in Plymouth back in the 30's and 40's the first officers of the county, the judges in the city, the cemeteries, the first officers of the county, the politics, the money used, the markets, and facts of every character.

"Virtus Semper Viret," (virtue is always rewarded), is the motto on the coat of arms which hangs in the sitting room of the Woodward home, and his life has proved the truth of the motto. His modesty, however, has heretofore prevented, any publicity of his name or life or his present remarkable memory.

To Plymouth in 1835.

"I came to Plymouth May 1, 1835 with my father and uncle," said Mr. Woodward. "I was then only six years old, but I remember everything as distinctly as though it were yesterday. There were only five log houses in the town, then without a name. Cheger Rose ran a little store on the site now occupied by the Plymouth Inn. Grove Pomeroy had the hotel or the site where the Bee Hive now is. In the hotel was the post office, in charge of Wm. G. Pomeroy. It was called the Yellow River post office. The mail came once a week from Logansport, the trip being made on horse back, the mail carrier sitting on the mail bags. His trip was from Logansport to Niles, Mich.

"At that time the county was unorganized and there were only a few whites among the many Indians. We went on up the Michigan Road about five miles before coming to the first house. Here lived Peter Schroeder, later elected as the first probate judge in Marshall county. A half mile farther lived Adam Vinneke, the first county treasurer. Both these men were Whigs. These people were curious to see us as we were Yankees. I was born in Vermont and my father had come to Indiana from that state. My uncle and my father traded a wagon and some of their horses for eighty acres of Michigan Road lands."

"In August of that year was the

great Government land sale at La Porte and uncle and father went there to buy land. They went nearly to La Porte before they saw a white man. At the Kankakee river the bridge was gone all but the stringers. Father and uncle had their money in French francs and Mexican dollars and it was quite a burden. The problem of crossing the Kankakee on the stringers was a hard one. My father got across with his money, but uncle could not do it. Father came back and got uncle's money and carried that across. Still uncle could not make it. Father then saw a boat down stream. Leaving the money on the bank he went and got the boat and took uncle across. They bought their land at \$1.25 an acre. Our home then became the farm now located just half a mile north of Brightside on the west side of the road.

Trials of Pioneers.

"It is hard to make one of today understand the hardships of that time," said Mr. Woodward. "There was no food, no money, no market for anything, if there had been anything to sell. My father went twenty-one miles beyond Logansport to Delphi to get grain ground for corn meal. That was the closest mill. Near there we bought some white corn and had it ground—but they did not bolt the meal then as they do now, and mother had to sift it. We had some cows. Hogs ran wild and fattened on the nuts in the forest. These pigs were shot for meat, and game of all kinds was plentiful. Neighbors would kill a beef at different times and divide with each other, trading back and forth."



NORMAN S. WOODWARD.

There was no market closer than Michigan City, and to that place we hauled our wheat. The price was 31 cents a bushel and later we got 40 cents. In a few years there was a mill at Bertrand, north of South Bend, and people hauled their wheat there to be ground.

The First Election.

"The first election was in the fall of 1836 to organize the county. They called the town Plymouth after the New England Plymouth Rock. All the people of the county voted at Plymouth, though one could vote at any place he could find a voting place. I watched them vote. A man would come to the voting place and asked how he wanted to vote. He would tell the name of his candidate and the vote would be written down by the clerk. There were 83 votes in Center township. In those days it was about an even break between the Whigs and the Democrats."

"A. L. Wheeler was the first man to run a real dry goods and general merchandise store. In the back part of his store were pairs of New England rum for voters. In the rum had been put some 'black strap' molasses, and all who wished, boys as well as men, could go there and drink. But there was never any drunkenness. It seemed that the human system needed whiskey to kill off the malaria so prevalent in those early days, and it being pure whiskey, did not affect them as now."

"The courthouse was at first a small wooden building located where Welcome Miller now resides on Michigan street. The present site was donated to the county and that is the reason the building stands where it does."

Early Cemeteries.

"On the present site of the Washington building was the first cemetery. When they wanted to build the school house, they moved the bodies and made a new cemetery on the spot now occupied by the Pennsylvania depot. When the railroad came to Plymouth, it passed directly through this cemetery and the bodies were again taken up and moved to the Stringer cemetery and the present Oak Hill. My father was buried in the cemetery when it was located at the Pennsylvania depot site."

Becomes Gold Hunter.

In 1852 Mr. Woodward joined the thousands of our most daring men and crossed the plains to California to become a gold hunter. He with others made a trip with wagon and oxen. "We started in March," said Mr. Woodward, "and on April 24 crossed the Missouri river. At Ft. Carney we saw the first white people. From there it was 500 miles to Ft. Laramie, the next white settlement."

One of the most thrilling sights ever seen, was witnessed by Mr. Woodward and his company while crossing this plain. They encountered the migration a countless buffalo from the south to the north. As far as the eye could see was an almost solid mass of the animals. Woe to the caravan that got in front of them. It was necessary to let them pass. "I bought two fine black buffalo hides of the Indians," said Mr. Woodward. "They were nicely tanned and splendid ones in every way. I paid two cups of sugar for them."

"In July we arrived at Sacramento City, and there on Jay street I met Chas. Crocker, a Plymouth man, who afterwards became a millionaire gold miner." For about two years Mr. Woodward and his companions prospected and during that time they "struck it rich" and were able to come back home with several thousands of dollars in gold.

Back By Panama.

"Nobody trusted the banks in those times," said Mr. Woodward, "so we all carried our money around our bodies in belts. My companions had arranged to come home by way of Panama, and had chosen the steamer 'Yankee Blade' from San Francisco. But before we started we met a friend who was also coming home that way and he advised us to take the steamer 'Sonora' instead, because, he said, there is going to be racing between the boats and it is dangerous to go on the 'Yankee Blade.' We took his advice, and luckily so, for the 'Yankee Blade' struck a rock and went down with all on board that very trip."

"Arriving at Panama the ship came to anchor three miles out at sea and the natives in boats came and took us within ten feet of the shore, where they stopped, and naked natives came and carried us ashore on their backs. There were 1400 on the boat."

"The first seven miles of the way across the isthmus was as fine as paved road as I ever saw. Bolivar had made it when the Spaniards were in control, from the pebbles of the sea shore. The railroad covered only 25 of the 50 miles across the isthmus, and we had to walk the rest of the way. It rained continuously. Finally we came to the railway—a little narrow gauge one, but about 600 of us could not get on the train. The conductor promised to come back the next day, however, and take us. He came the third day, and we were soon at the sea shore. Here the hundreds of passengers went pell mell over each other to see who could be the first to the ship and get the best berth. There was no order or direction of the passengers—everybody took the best he could get."

"An awful storm overtook our vessel off Cape Hatteras and for many hours we saw our ship climb up and down the monster waves, expecting every one to go over her and send us to the bottom of the sea. She rode it out, however; but even after repairs in dock, sprung a leak on her next voyage and went down with a third of her passengers."

In San Francisco Mr. Woodward had met Henry Hamrichous, who was to be his brother-in-law, and they made the trip home together. Mr. Woodward was back to Plymouth in 1854, and in Sept. 1, 1855, married Miss Elizabeth Hamrichous, whom he had met while she was visiting here from Ohio. In the spring of that year he and H. B. Pershing started a drug store, on the spot where Tanner's drug store now stands. After a year at that he sold to Mr. Pershing and started the second bakery in Plymouth. It was located on the lot where Fred Shoemaker's store is now. "One of those who worked for me at that time was W. W. Hill," said Mr. Woodward. "But I was not long in the business for in March 1856 the whole town burned down and my building with it. I lost everything in the store. After this I bought the lot where the Star Restaurant now is and opened a little grocery store. In 1857 the Pittsburgh railway was being built through and I sold much supplies to the men. But the company went broke."

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NEED BETTER SCHOOL HOUSES SAYS MRS. HOLBY

INWOOD WOMAN TALKS TO
TEACHERS OF CENTER TOWNSHIP
SHIP IN FOURTH INSTITUTE
MEETING.

PATRONS AND TEACHERS

Both These Can Also Make Improvement In Some Directions—A
Valuable Paper
Given.

At the fourth institute of the Center township teachers held Saturday at the K. P. Hall Mrs. Frank Holby, living north of Inwood read a very valuable paper on the needs of the school. This meeting was what is called patrons' day, all the patrons of the schools being invited to come and tell their views on the schools, and especially how they think the schools can be improved. Mrs. Holby is a patron of the Inwood schools and is herself a former school teacher. She read the following paper:

The needs of the school: First—We need more sanitary buildings. Many buildings are too small, resulting in a crowded condition of the rooms. While many of our buildings are well lighted there are many of them without proper ventilation. It is a well established fact that bad air is responsible for many diseases, therefore our school buildings should be furnished with a good system of ventilation. Any teacher will bear me out in the statement that under existing conditions in three-fourths of our school buildings that the air is decidedly foul in a short time after the school has assembled and long before the rush period it often becomes necessary from a health standpoint, to raise and lower windows in order to get a reasonable amount of fresh air, to enable the children to continue their work in anything like a proper manner. To do this, means that some one is exposed to a chilling draught with resultant cold, sore throat, etc. Where windows must be used for ventilating, they should be fitted with a device that allows free circulation of air without draughts. Of course, our health officers look after the water supply so we care only to mention that good, pure water is an essential.

I would put in a plea, from a moral, as well as sanitary standpoint, especially in schools that are crowded, as our centralized graded schools are, for adequate toilets, furnished with sanitary hoppers and lavatories, these rooms should be, at recess time in charge of the janitor for the boys and of the lady teachers in turn, for the girls. Of course, this means extra expense to our school system, but could we as taxpayers, ask for a better expenditure of our money, if judiciously used in the endeavor to safeguard the morals of our children. Our children are not only "the hopes of our Nation" but they are our most precious possession, so I say God speed the day, where more attention is given to this phase of school life.

Under the teachers' care, from day to day, come from 30 to 40 pupils from possibly as many homes. The majority of these children come from what we generally term, respectable homes. Yet, I believe I am safe in saying that at least one-half of these children have very little attention given them, as to the use of even well established hygienic rules. They do not bathe regularly, the teeth are neglected, and in fact the conditions are such that it is simply appalling to one who enters the average school room from the pure outdoor air, to be greeted with the stench of body odors which fill his nostrils.

This condition exists in most of the lower and elementary grades and I am sorry to say that many

grown students are as careless as the smaller ones.

This is due from a lack of interest in keeping the body which is the temple of the soul, in a proper condition, and if a teacher can imbue her pupils with a proper regard for these essentials of cleanliness, such as proper and regular bathing, caring for the teeth and nails, etc. she or he will have done something for those pupils which will benefit them, long after they have forgotten important historical and geographical facts. I do not believe as a rule that parents are wilfully careless, but many mothers have never been taught the importance of these things and really do not realize how much they wrong the child by not insisting on these things being done. Given a wholesome schoolroom, pure air and a clean body, the pupil of average ability will do good work, if he has a teacher who understands how to direct his work. The standard of efficiency in scholarship and training is being raised all the time and except in rare cases the teachers are well fitted for the work of training the intellect, of the child, provided they have the tact and insight necessary to deal with children, as children.

Ignorance of the working of the child mind, and of the stages of growth in body as well as in mental development, is the cause of the failure of many teachers to make good. Many of our best teachers today are not the ones who are the most excellent scholars, but are those who have made a study of the child and have adapted the work to suit the capabilities of the different individuals so that each one learns.

Remember, I have in mind the average child. Of course, in every school some pupils are unusually brilliant and others are naturally slow, and it is a tactful teacher indeed who can marshal her forces of mind and will bring something of benefit and interest to each one.

I would say we need teachers who from the standpoint of honor, morality and justice, seeing to it that every child has a square deal, regardless of personal congeniality to the teacher are models in these things to every child.

Next—One of the greatest needs of our schools, is proper co-operation of the parent and teacher. Lack of such co-operation is due to the indifference of the parent or teacher or both.

Many teachers imagine because more parents do not visit the schools, that it is a sure indication of lack of interest in the school. Such may be the case, no doubt often is so, but it is not safe to consider it so, universally. There are many reasons why parents do not often visit the schools.

First of which, I believe is natural timidity. Many people would enjoy the visit if it were not for the fear that they would be called upon to make some remarks to the school. This sounds queerly, but, I have known such to be the case. Then, again, many stand in awe, if not fear of the teacher and think they would not be welcomed. I have in mind one teacher who, while outwardly courteous, makes her patrons feel uncomfortable and they soon realize that their visits are looked upon as intrusions. This is a rare occurrence for most teachers gladly welcome interested visitors. Often we find that a courteous note of inquiry or explanation as to any deficiency or delinquency brings a hearty response from most parents, for believe me, the majority of parents are very much interested in their children and are willing to do anything in their power for their advancement. I only remember one incident when a courteous note or friendly visit failed to bring the proper response.

I had two children brothers, one 10 and the other past 8 who were in the second grade. They were unhandy in the dull, slow class but were in school with other children. I expended much energy and patience on the two, giving them much time that really belonged to the other members of the class. I finally concluded to ask the parents to help them a little in the evenings. I wrote a very courteous, kindly note, making known my wishes and received in response—This:

"We haven't got no time to learn our children. That's what you're hired for."

I ceased to wonder why it was so difficult for the two little boys to force ahead and am much afraid that their education was very meagre for there was a lack of proper effort as well as lack of intellect.

Often lack of co-operation is directly traceable to perverted ideas about what is expected. Oftener by far, I believe many parents would gladly give any needed help if they could do so. It is a notorious fact that even teachers who fail to keep up certain lines of work become rusty

and often become perplexed over what was at one time familiar to them. Just so the parents who engaged in other lines of work, become rusty and often cannot be depended on in a crisis.

Every teacher should so conduct himself that he can have the unqualified indorsement of every patron, and then there will be no criticism of the teacher in the home. This is essential to the well-being of the pupil for if he hears uncompromising remarks at home it destroys the teachers' influence and his work suffers in consequence. There are many more needs of the school—namely better and larger playgrounds, persistent drills in politeness, especially impressing upon boys their chivalrous and manly duties to their sisters and other girls, insist that every boy be a gentleman and every girl a lady, respecting the rights of others as well as to their own. The importance of the teacher in maintaining his dignity yet unbending when it seems best to do so under stress of circumstances.

Many more needs could be urged, but I would sum up the needs of the school under three general heads:

1. More sanitary buildings.
2. More efficient, tactful, common sense teachers.
3. More appreciative, loyal and sympathetic parents.

Given these essentials, the pupils of average health and intelligence must turn out well in harmony for would be working in harmony for his advancement.

Christmas Stamps Unavailable.

No adhesive stamps, or imitations of stamps, of any form or design whatever, other than lawful postage stamps, shall be affixed to the address side of domestic mail matter; but such adhesive stamps, provided they do not in form and design resemble lawful postage stamps, and do not bear numerals, may be affixed to the reverse side of domestic mail matter.

All domestic mail matter bearing on the address side, adhesive stamps, or imitations of stamps, other than lawful postage stamps, will be returned to the sender if known, otherwise they will be forwarded to the Division of Dead Letters.

The following countries refuse to admit to their mails articles, bearing Christmas stamps no matter where placed:

Austria, Norway and Portugal. Other foreign countries admit articles bearing such non-postage stamps providing they are affixed to the back of article.

In all cases the name and address of the sender should be plainly written on the letter or package with ink so that if the mail matter violates this rule the mail may be returned to sender without the delay and expense of sending it to the Dead Letter office.

Assault and Battery.

Walter S. Bell of Igwood pleaded guilty to assaulting Daniel Carlson, and was given a fine, which with costs amounts to \$35.50.

Bell is a section man on the Pennsylvania railroad and Mr. Carlson is the section foreman. In some way there was a religious argument up, and a remark made by Carlson angered young Bell and he grabbed a shovel and struck his forehead down. A deep gash was cut in his forehead, and he was taken by his men to Dr. Kizer who took some stitches in the wound, and made the injured man comfortable. This happened last Thursday, and Tuesday the case was brought before Justice C. P. Holloway, and on being asked if the charge was true, young Bell replied that it was, that he did take the shovel and hit Carlson over the head. It was thought advisable to change the charge to Assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, but Mr. Carlson did not want this done, and it was left with a fine as above stated, which was stayed by the young man's father, Fred Bell.

BARBER.

Joseph Mullet and Joseph Kleindist attended the Fat Stock show at Chicago Friday and Saturday of last week.

Wm. Stevenson was called to Michigan Monday by the death of his father.

On account of the inclement weather Friday evening the Literary exercises at the Schroeder school-house were postponed until Saturday evening of this week.

Revival meetings are still in progress. Good attendance and much interest shown, also a good number of accessions to the church.

Mrs. Clara Thompson of near Argos was in Plymouth Tuesday shopping and visiting with her cousin, Mrs. Eva L. Underwood.

LARGE STOVE FACTORY NOW LOOMING HERE

"PLYMOUTH ROCK RANGE"
PEOPLE MAKING BASE BURNERS, HOT BLAST AND CAST RANGE STOVES.

FIRST SEEN AT SOCIAL

Presbyterian Ladies Use New Base Burner To Heat Building Where They Gave Dinner and Bazaar.

The Plymouth Stove and Range Company now have a full line of heating stoves ready for the market. Their success with the "Plymouth Rock Range" was largely instrumental in bringing out this additional line. A Plymouth Rock base burner, a Plymouth Rock hot blast and a Plymouth Rock cast range are some of the new stoves to be made and marketed in Plymouth.

The Plymouth Stove and Range Company have been working for some time to perfect the patterns and secure the castings for these new stoves and they announced today that they would have everything ready by January 1, when they propose to begin a thorough selling campaign throughout Indiana and surrounding states.

The Plymouth Rock Steel Range that they have been making for about three years is a wonderful success. There is probably no range on the market that does the service so completely as it does. It speaks well for the manufacturers as well as for the town, for every range that goes out is a standing advertisement for Plymouth.

We congratulate the manufacturers for their enterprise and predict that all their dreams of a large stove factory in our city will sometime come true.

The "Plymouth Rock" base burner was on exhibition Friday night at the Presbyterian Bazaar in the old Allman room on Laporte street. It furnished the heat for that large room exceedingly well. Many complimentary remarks were paid it by the many visitors on that occasion. Its simplicity and neatness make it one of the most attractive stoves on the market.

Underwent an Operation.

Miss Esther O'Keefe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Keefe, underwent an operation at Mercy Hospital in Chicago on Monday last. Miss O'Keefe has been sick for a number of years with a disease that baffled the physicians, and has greatly hindered her ambition in educational lines. Last week she was subjected to an examination, with the result that the physicians at the hospital pronounced her case as chronic appendicitis, and advised an operation at once. In sixty-three minutes from the time she was taken to the operation floor she was returned to her room, and is now getting along very well, with good hopes of complete recovery. Dr. Murphy was the operating physician and Dr. Mix the attendant. They found the condition just as they had decided it must be, and the many friends of Miss O'Keefe, as well as of her parents, will be rejoiced that she will soon be home well. Mrs. O'Keefe will go in a few days to visit her at the hospital.

SLIGO.

Mrs. Noah Marsh, Mrs. Ned Marsh visited with Henry Burch's Friday.

The Sligo people are sorry that the Perkins family are moving out of the neighborhood.

Three shredders have been in the neighborhood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Haring visited with his father over Sunday.

John Anderson is firing for Mr. Bender's shredder.

Will Kephart lost a horse Saturday night.